

Lord Henry and Fair Katherine.



IN antient times, in BRITAIN'S
isle,
Lord Henry was well known:
No knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deserv'd renown.
His thoughts on honour always run
He ne'er could bow to love.
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

Among the nymphs where Kath'rine
came
The fairest face she shews;
She was as bright as morning-sun,
And sweeter than the rose:
Altho' she was of mean degree
She daily conquests gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld
Escap'd her powerful chains.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
Her cheeks grew pale and wan;
A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain;
The sickness was to all unknown,
That did the fair one waste;
Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
And broken slumbers pass'd.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
Oh! Henry, I'm undone!
Oh, cruel fate! oh, wretched maid!
Thy love must ne'er be known.
Such is the fate of woman-kind,
They must the truth conceal.
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths
Ere I my love reveal.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To Henry hid away,
My lord, says she, we've found the
cause
Of Kath'rine's quick decay:
She in a dream the secret told,
(Till now no mortal knew)
Alas! she now expiring lies,
And dies for love of you.

The gen'rous Henry's heart was
touch'd,
His heart began to flame:
Ab, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame.
Ab, Kath'rine, too too modest maid!
Thy love I never knew;
I'll ease your pain. And swift as wind
To her bed-side he flew.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
Awake! awake! my dear,
If I had only guess'd your love,
You had not shed a tear.
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to save thee from despair,
And take thee to my arms.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth
She started from her bed;
Around his neck her arms she flung
In extacy, and cry'd,
Will you be kind? will you indeed?
My love! — And so she dy'd.